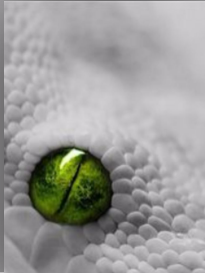




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Serpent



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Chapter 1 by Magdalene

Faye walked in between two guards, clenching her fists. Her fingernails dug into her skin and she could feel blood on her hands. Her inhuman tongue flicked and she scolded herself silently. /Stop it. You stopped thirsting for blood when you were little, remember?/ Now is not a good time. Her snake-like eyes stared straight ahead without blinking... they hadn't blinked since she was born.

Her middle name was Apophis because she was part serpent. She had dark green dragon wings that suspended into mid-air, flowing out from behind her pale white hair that shone outlandishly like diamonds. Her pupils were dilated into slits surrounded by green, the same color of her wings, which popped against her pale contrast. She had scales lining the inside of her mouth, growing tougher and more fireproof for (you guessed it) fire-breathing. She had the ability to move soundlessly through any place and could charm humans into listening to her. But she never used them for evil. Even now, being led by guards and to be disowned, she didn't use one of her abilities to escape or overpower them.

The guards halted and two of them pushed open a large redwood door. Escorts forced her into a large throne room and Faye looked up at the face of my enemy. Her eyes first travelled to her own father, who couldn't stand under the gaze of her eyes and quickly looked away. Then to her

mother. She had the same reaction. She didn't glance at her sibling's and then met the eyes of her adversary.

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"Miss Alroy" the Enemy said. Faye's father flinched at the name. "No," Faye hissed (being part snake, she was quite good at it), "the pleasures all mine."

The Enemy scowled. "Guards, chain the beast up. I don't know why you haven't done it yet. The animal is simply dangerous."

Her face hardened but she let her flexed arms fall limp as the guards jerked her hands behind her, folded her wings painfully, and chained her legs together.

The Enemy smiled from on top of his throne, "King Alroy, speak."

Faye's father cleared his throat and stepped in front of the Enemy, starting the speech she had heard him practice a million times.

Faye turned her face away and listened to what he had to say.

"Almighty King Ronan Shah, son of recently deceased the great Jaxon Shah, I, King Mardon Alroy, hereby give my blood daughter, Fayah Apophis Alroy, to you as a peace offering between our two countries, Osma and Shah Chary, who have been at war for the past three years. You may use Princess Fayah in any way you wish as long as the countries are at peace for infinity. I now give up my daughter, Fayah Apophis Alroy, without any price or resistance to the country of Shah Chary for I have no need for her but I know that the country of Shah Chary have craved jealousy for her majesty. Please accept my offering."

King Ronan, no more than twenty-one, grinned evilly and hungrily.

Faye looked at the Enemy King out of the corner of her eye and glared at him, baring her viper teeth, flicking her tongue that dripped with poison, and baring her blade-sharp nails.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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